

2Pac Lyrics

"It Ain't Easy"

[Ad-lib:]

Keepin' it real

I take a shot of Hennessy, now I'm strong enough to face the madness
Nickel bag full of cess weed laced with hash
Phone calls from my niggas on the, other side
Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry
A damn shame, when will we ever change?
And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain?
Arguments with my Boo, it's true
I spend mo' time with my niggas than I do with you
But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game
I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame
I'll be hustlin' to make a mill-ion
Lord knows ain't no love for us ghetto children
So we cold, Rag-top slowin' down, time to stop for gas
Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass, uh
It ain't easy, that's my motto
Drinkin' Tanqueray straight out the bottle
Everybody wanna know if I'm insane
My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games
And all the drama got me stressin' like I'm hopeless
I can't cope me and the homies smokin' roaches
Cause we broke late night hangin' out 'til the sunrise gettin' high
Watchin' the cops roll by
It ain't easy... that's right... it ain't easy

...easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

I can't sleep, niggas plottin' on me, kill me while I'm dreamin'
Wake up sweaty and screamin', cause I can hear them suckers schemin'
Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin'
A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died
I wonder why this just the way it is
Even now lookin' out for these killa kids
Cause they wild
Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin'
Doin' twenty to life in San Quentin
Gettin' calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nuttin' nice
Yo 'Pac, do something righteous witcha life
And even though you're innocent you still a nigga, so they figure, rather have you behind bars than triggers
But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life
Lickin' shots 'til I see my niggas free on the block
But no it ain't easy, hahahah
'Til I see my niggas free on the block, uh

It ain't easy

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It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary?..

Lately been reminiscin'
'Bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block
Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks
Just a project kid without a conscience, I'm havin' dreams
Of hearin' screams at my concerts
Me and all my childhood peers through the years tryin' to stack a little green
I was only seventeen, when I started servin' fiends
And I wish there was another way to stack a dolla
Sold my Impala cause these hard times make me wanna holla
Will I live to see tomorrow, am I fallin' off?
I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all
Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin'
I can't go home 'cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin'
So now I'm in this high powered cell at the county jail
Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail
What, do I do in these county blues
Gettin' battered and bruised by the you know who
And these fakes get to shakin' when they face me
Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me
Sittin' in this, livin' hell, listenin' to niggas yell
Tryna torture 'em to tell, I'm gettin' mail
But ain't nobody sayin' much, the same old nuts
Is makin' bucks while these sluts is gettin' fucked
They violated my probation
And it seems I'll be goin' on a long vacation
Meanwhile it ain't easy..
No it ain't easy

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Thanks to Sleepy A for correcting these lyrics.

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